## SOME NEW BOOKS.

The deffersons. There is an ingenious punishment in India in which the victim is stripped, tied to a post, smeared with horsey, and left for the flies to sting to death. Mr. Wiscren, the amiable histo-Games B. Osgood & Co.), a memoir of Edwin Booth and other things besides, supplies the smearing with a lavish ladle. The members of the dramatic profession them-selves usually supply the files. Mr. Boueleauit. in one of those graphle interviews in which he occasionally enlightens mankind on matters of art and other varieties, has classified actors with monkeys and mimetic animals. He maintains that the nearer they appreach to those amusing creatures in quips and cranks and liveliness, and groterqueness of action, the more successful they are and the higher is their rank. Now, without venturing on a disenseion with so high an authority on this zoclogical estimate, we cannot help feeling that Mr. Winter, in indulging in the exaggerated adulation of such actors as enjoy the advantages

of his association, is 'really inflicting on them the severest satire. Gratitude for favors past or to come is a common table virtue, but it may be carried to a point in which it makes its sub ridiculous. Still in the instance of Mr. Jefferson, few will complain of any affluence of admiration, however great, in the tribute of affection tendered to so exquisite an artist and so deservedly honored a man. A fault of Mr. Winter's writings is that through them all there trickles a little rivulet of thin sadness: an occasional bubble of gayety on the surface would give brightness and life. The founder of the Jefferson family was,

Mr. Winter tells us, Thomas Jefferson, the son of a farmer in the brave old shire of York. After mentioning that nothing was known of him or his family down to the period of his appearance on the stage, Mr. Winter, with charming an lacity, proceeds to treat us to a new historical fact which had escaped the observation of all the annalists of the time, and tells a romantic story how this aforesaid founder, by a ride more wendrous than that of Dick Turpin, and "through perils it were idle to conjecture." conveyed from Ripon to London the earliest news of the defeat of Charles Edward the pretender; and "thus it is to the determined ambition of the Stuarts to remount the British throne that the present epoch is indebted for Bip Van Winkle' on the stage." But the imagination of our historian does not rest here. By a most remarkable accident he happened, on the evening of the fulfilment of his mission, to arrive at an inn where David Garrick, the wonder and delight of London. was feasting with a party of friends-probably Bir Joshua Reynolds, Burke, Goldsmith, and Johnson. A kindly walter carries the news from taproom to parlor. Jefferson is at once Invited in, and imagination dwells pleasurably on the scene, which ends, with Garrick's aid and advice, in Jefferson's adopting the stage.

There must be many people in this world endowed with the easy-going credulity of the rural dean who told Archbishop Whateley that Gulliver's travels were instructive and interesting. "But does not your Lordship suspect him of slight exaggeration at times ?"

On the stage, however, Jefferson went, which is the main point. He is known, Mr. Winter tells us, to have acted Horadio, and also the King to Garrick's Hamlet, the Duke of Buckingham to his Richard III., and Paris to his Romeo. This sufficiently indicates the highwater mark of his prominence in Garrick's company. He was soon after captivated by the idea of management, and on leaving for some country town, Garrick, to whose dressing room he went to say good-by, took the wig which he had just worn in his renowned char-

Alchemon, and there is no reserved. The real of mar W. There is a our code.

weive yours or ussumory management is to be Imagined after this adventure of the wig and In 1758 we are told he is in Dublin at the famous Crow Street Theatre, in the same company with Barry, Macklin, and Foote, though the dramatic chroniclers of that emblazoned pariod in Irish ong career, having been on the stage from 1746 to almost the day of his death in 1807, a period of sixty years. He was a most entertaining companion, and his last days, notwithstanding filness and trouble, were marked by resignation and cheerfulness. Mr. Winter is puzzled as to the number of the wives of Jefferson the first. at which we are not surprised, many prior historians having been in similar difficulties; but he is enabled to assure us that Jefferson the secand was the son of one of them, though which he is not able accurately to ascertain; and so he

turns to his ever-faithful imagination for relief. Jefferson the second, the paternal grandfather of our Joe-there is no doubt about that-was born in 1774 in Plymouth. After undergoing the usual trials and vicissitudes which in turn dim and brighten all young artists' lives, he, probably more for the usual motive of desiring to better his condition than the romantic one of a love of republican institutions which Mr. Winser assigns, sailed for America and opened at the Federal Street Theatre, Boston. In 1796 we and him, according to the trusty play bills of the day, announced to perform Squire Richard in the "Provoked Husband," at the John Street Theatre New York under the management of Hodgkinson and Hallam. He next went to Philadelphia, where he was at once appropriated and taken to the bosom of a city remarkable for the fastidiousness of its tastes and the unvarying correctness of its approvals. From that day he made Philadelphia his home, became there a dramatic institution, and to his death held an undisturbed and abiding place in her affections.

The late Mr. Wallack, one of the most delightful of racconteurs, used to narrate many amusing anecdotes of the condition of stage appliances and appointments when he first visited this country, when Macbeth appeared in top boots and a Ramillies wig, and of the very fasorable contrast which Philadelphia then presented in such matters to New York. In those palmy days of the drama in Philadelphia, there might have been seen, toward noon, on the sunnyside of Chestnut street, a quaint, angular but lithe and active figure, as daintily decked as any of the bucks of a town at that time and even now famous for its taste in personal decoration. exchanging with courteous and kindly air the somowhat stiff salutations that belonged to the prints of Dr. Synfar, to which he and his grandson likewise have struck us as bearing a remarkable resemblance in the character of Dr. Panglass. Follow this figure as you find it, auddenly take a turn, enter the then great theatre of America, and in the "Good morning. Mr. Jefferson," which greets it on every side, be told that you are looking on the best actor America then contained There was something of the dried-up mummy of the beau of that day him, but he was still an actor of infinite charm and variety. To my remembrance, writes a celebrated ertist now living, "he was the best noter I have ever seen, combining great power in tracedy, comedy, farce, and rantomime; and in this wonderful versatility.

than the same class nowadars, and he was emed in the best coclety; not, as in the Old World, with that condescension which pictures Virgil and Morace as supporting Augustus, or idi between Byren and another lord, but na Lord Chasterfield has it entirely for himself, for his necomplishments as a gentleman aid his worth as a man. His career in Philadephin was one of uninterrupted prosperity and happiness during a period of thirty years, intil his anddon death at Harrisburg, in 1852

while playing with his son. That son, necording to the fancy of the family. was broil to the stage. Our Joe has also inherited its skill in painting. Beyond this there is nothing to say. His achievement as an actor was nervoless and colorless, and he exerted no appreciable influence upon the advancement of the drama, Our little poette chronieler is not however satisfied with such a meagreepitaph. He must add; "His character and life had the calm beauty of an autumn landscape of wooded hills, and browning meadows, when the sun is going down;" whatever that means He was born in Philadelphia in 1804, and died in Mobile in 1842. He was the father of our Joe. which alone brings him the distinction of his

toria memory or mention. His mother, Mrs. Burke-the mother also of that excellent artist, Charles Burke, most delightfully remembered, though our post-historian must insist on making "the withering leaves of autumn fall around him, and cold winds sing in the long grasses and twilight slowly deepen," was born in New York in 1796, and was the first American who ever travelled as a local star. She died in Philadelphia in 1859 His grandmother's sister, Euphemia Fortune, was also mother of that admirable artist, William Warren, who holds the same place in the affections of Boston that his grand uncle did in those of Philadelphia. There were others, but t is not safe to enter on such a genealogical labyrinth. Such a breeding in and in of great artists might puzz'e Crickmore or Ruff. Iroquois or Foxhail such a pedigree? The wonder would be if there be aught in blood, that

Joseph Jefferson should not be a great artist. So bazotten, Joseph Jefferson was born in Philadelphia on Feb. 20, 1829. Like the two great mimic geniuses of the last century, Edmund Kean and Joe Grimaldi, and like nearly all the really great of the present, Joe Jefferson was trained from infancy to his calling, and when yet a child appeared in Washington among "the living statues." Step by step he struggled up the steep, until, with the assistance of a kindly hand from his half-brother Charles, he reached New York, and was engage 1 by Chanfrau and Ewen as second low comedian at the National Theatre, making his first appearance as Jack Rackbottle in "Jonathan Bradford" on Sept. 10, 1849, At this early period of his career he had not the opportunity, nor perhaps the skill in his art, to wake the pleasant tumults he has since kindled in the veins of New York, but he even then exhibited all the blossom of that genius which has since ripened into so rich a fruit. His personations carried even then that exquisits delicacy of coloring which is now their characteristic.

From New York we find him again in Philadelphia at the Chestnut as first low comedian the great comedian Mr. J. S. Clarke playing in the same theatre. Stories enough to make most merry memoir are told of the fancifu freaks and professional exploits of these two delightful artists, who ever since have mutually entertained for each other the warmest professional admiration and personal regard.

Previous to this period the chain of his caree was for a short time broken. In the year 1846. on the breaking out of the Mexican war, Jefferson caught the inspiration of the hour, and accompanied the American army, not, however, in the capacity of a soldier, but with the object

leving by his professional performances oldiers of a little of their wealth, and idle s of a little of their weariness. The game however, too serious to give time for such ant triffing : so, with his accustomed versa-Jefferson adapted himself to the situation, ag with a gay bound from comedy to the alssariat, exchanging the sock for the span, the buskin for the bowl, and renting a small nook in the sutler's quarter, set up a

corner of that travelling tent is said to have been

the general direction and to some extent stage management of all three. His career in these three cities, both as manager and actor, was one of unbroken success. Both as artist and man he built an enduring home in the hearts of the people. While playing here in the summer of 1856, Mr. Boucleault, who had appreciated his genius, invited him to join a company just formed for a summer season at Wallack's The inducements were tempting, but he had previously made arrangements to pass the summer in England, and the fates reserved for a fairer hand the guerdon of first presenting to a New York audience one who has since touched it with so exquisite a charm and furnished it with so many histrionic hours of delight. After visiting the tombs of his ancestors, seeing the house in which Shakespeare is supposed to have been born and David Garrick is said to have died, eaten a load of South Down mutton and Devon cheese, and gone the usual rounds of travellers, Mr. Jefferson returned to New York, if not a wiser and better, at least a healthier man. On the advice of the late Mr. Wilkins of the New York Herald. a warm admirer, he was offered and accepted an engagement from Miss Keene as leading low comedian to her theatre for the senson of 1957-58, at a salary of \$50 a week. Here he made his bow in the character of Doctor Pangloss. A gentleman of the buskin must always find far more difficulty in making what is styled a hit with a metropolitan audience than his brother of the sack. In tragedy the natural interest is strong, and mostly centres in the hero. The subordinate parts are, therefore, far less dependent on the individual performers, a general propriety of speech and action being sufficient, with the aid of scenic effect, to furnish a background to the principal character. In Shakespoare's plays, too, which are usually selected by candidates for favor, the prodigal beauty of the language, the wit, sense, and pathos, the pleturesqueness of the scenes and incidents, and the consummate art in the development of character, give to the drama an interest so powerful that it must be bad acting indeed that can destroy its influence. Then people go to see an old comedy, like the "Heir at Law," directly for the purpose of criticising the performance; fashion of those formal dars, not unlike the | and so identified are the principal characters with the great names of the old school of players, that a new performer has alformidable barrier of prejudica to overcome. These old comedies, too, in this country seem to belong to Mr. Wallack by right divine, so much experionce, tasto, and love has been bestowed on their production. It is scarcely a disparagement to the then company of Miss Keene-eminently adapted to shine in other spheres to say that it did not contain an adequate representative for the leading characters in each class of comedy. Whim, gayety and address are essential to vivify these creatures of artificial life. Not even the wit and vivacity of Coleman can charm through the mouth of a dull, hard player. Still, with all these It is not necessary at this day to enter on a drawbacks, Jafferson's portrait of Dr. Pangloss bled Mr. Garries, whom his father had taught him to look up to as a model, and reverence as a stream of unbroken success. After this hit he got in many pretty as a god." In reading the accounts of his force was comedy. The same evidently and chere of none of which Mr. Winter wakes the force was comedy. The same evidently accounts of his force was comedy. The same evidently accounts of his force was comedy. The same evidently accounts of his force was comedy. The same evidently accounts of his force was comedy. The same evidently accounts of his force was comedy. The same evidently accounts of his force was comedy. The same evidently accounts of his force was comedy. The same evidently accounts of his force was comedy. The same evidently accounts of his force was comedy. The same evidently accounts of his force was comedy. The same evidently accounts of his force was comedy. The same evidently accounts of his father had taught by the calculate of the come as not being personned by the folicits accounts of the full on young lady. He couldness a read that when she becomes a wife and mother than the being saited to his pages, a read that when she becomes a wife and mother than the weak of the full on young lady. He couldness a read that when she becomes a wife and mother than the weak of the full on young lady. He couldness a read that when she becomes a wife and mother than the weak of the full on young lady. He couldness a read to the full on young lady. He couldness a read that when she becomes a wife and mother than the whole has forced in the full on the full on young lady. He couldness a read that when she becomes a wife and mother than the whole has forced in the full on the full on the full of the pages. After this hit is an illient good traits develop. She is domestic, that when she becomes a read to the full on the f of which Mr. Winter makes no mention-was

surpassed. The character, too, may be said to have been of Jefferson's own creation, the original in Tom Taylor's piece having been a Kentucky backwoodsman, altered by Mr. Jefferson to its present form. The piece ran. and the public ran after it, innumerable nights. It secured fortune to Miss Keene and fame to Jefferson. Before the close of its run, some of those differences which will occur in the best regulated theatres, and oftenest, perhaps, in periods of prosperity, aroso, and at its close Mr. Jefferson left the company. It was his purpose at first to carry out an intention he had cherished of making that trial of his fortunes in London which was subsequently attended with such brilliant success, and he probably would then have carried out the idea had he not found very strong inducements to remain in offers made to him to join the company at the Winter Carden. then about to open. He finally entered into an engagement there at a salagy of \$120 a week, and opened in the character of Calch Phantoner, in Boneleault's "Dot," written for the occasion. Although it may not be so identified with his renown as Asa Trenchard and Rip Van Winkle, it was nevertheless a most complete and finished personation, in itself a clear and perfect chrysolite. His Caleb Planamer-of which Mr. Winter gives no description-was one of these admirably conceived and highly finished performances, which make him who mourns over the degeneracy of modern histrionic art stop in his lamentations, and say " Here at least is something perfect." In this personation, he exhibits the happy art of discovering the most subtle changes of feeling, and of marking with extraordinary delicacy those slight variations of expression which take place on the turn of a thought or the impulse of a fancy. Jefferson embedies the character with such art that the most delicate indications of the author's meaning become traits of individual resemblance, filling the impersonation with living reality. He followed it by two others of nearly equal excellence, Necman Noggs in "Smike," and

Salem Scudder in the "Octoroon," of which he was the original, both powerful pic-tures, of which Mr. Winter gives no description. About this time, too, on the retirement of Mr. Boucleault, Jefferson undertook the stage management of the Winter Garden, in addition to his duties as an actor, of which Mr. Winter makes no mention, at a salary of \$150 a week. and continued there to the close of the season. It was in the spring of this season that Jefferson first displayed that extraordinary genius as a burlesque actor and pantomimist-of which Mr. Winter makes no mention-which has made him immeasurably superior to any artist now living in this peculiar line. The principle is no other than the old adage that the excess of the sublime becomes ridiculous; but it is one thing to throw a truth in the abstract, another to apply it like a man of genius. And who has seen Jefferson in Mazeppa or any other of his burleaque characters without recognizing in him the embodied genius of burlesque? If any one thinks greatness in burlesque an unattainable thing, he has only to see Jefferson to amend this fancy. A burlesque in his hands is anything

At first he doubted or affected to doubt his peculiar power, and it was perhaps owing to the necessity of playing the opposites to Mrs. John Wood, the best living burlesque actress. that they were called forth. Nothing could serve as a more charming contrast to the fresh. bubbling animal spirits and voluptuous humor of the beautiful Thelia than the quaint, angular style of Jefferson. The town caught the infection, and the fever of fun raged everywhere. It found in Mrs. Wood what scemed to have died with Mrs. Nisbett, unforced gayety and animal spirits, and revelled in its return A steam engine of animal spirits in petticonts, those spirits broke out in her dark laughing eye, through her pouting mouth, through her comic ness, which seemed scarcely to belong to her, and looked as though she had fastened it on in fun. At the close of the engagement Mrs. Wood went to New Orleans, but, returning in the summer, took Laura Keene's Theatre and

he chooses. It is caricature, character, pathos,

passion, a tragedy, a comedy, or a farce.

played there with Jefferson. At the close of his engagement Jefferson adopted the resolution of performing as a star, and made his engagements accordingly. After miniature restaurant under the title of Joseph Jefferson & Co. The clam soup concected in the rinying successfully in Richmond, Baltimore, and Washington, he opened in New York in the a delight, and the chowder perfection. At the winter of 1860 as Rip Van Winkle, one of the close of the campaign our hero returned with the most important events in his career, of which customary accompaniment of arms and legs, Mr. Winter makes no mention. The piece was same delicate lines of beauty; but Mr. Boucicault had not then retouched the piece. It was a melancholy failure, withdrawn after a few nights. At the close of his engagement of four weeks, Mr. Jefferson proceeded to San Francisco, and thence to Australia, in both of which he played with fair success, but nothing approaching that which found him afterward, and

followed him to London. "Everything happens in France," exclaimed the famous Duke de la Rochefoucauld, when, after one of the squabbles of the Frende, he found himself riding amicably in the same carriage with his old adversary, Mazarin. "Everything happens in theatricals," may every one exclaim, seeing the vicissitudes that constantly occur. The friend of to-day is the enemy of to-morrow and mutatis mutandis, the reverse. Mr. Jefferson took "Rip Van Winkle" to Mr. Boucleault, with whom, at the time, he had a fend of unusual bitterness. Forgetting this, Boucicault took it in hand, regulated it, polished it. flung over it the golden powder, with which he then, at least, adorned what he touched, and the result was a drama which was enthusiastically received. Mr. Winter, whose personal malignities always distemper his judgment, desires to give Mr. Jefferson the credit of much of the renovation that Mr. Jefferson himself, with just generosity, gives all to Boucleault, He had attempted to correct it and failed. He could see its faults and could criticise, but not create. From its first night at the Adelphi almost to the present hour. Jefferson's history may be written in these three words-Rip Van Winkle. Mr. Winter, whose charming poetic pictures are his forte, gives an exquisite study of the play and Mr. Jefferson's acting in it, which every reader must dwell on with delight. It is pleasant to the national vanity to think of the contrast the success of Irving's drama offers to the failure of those dramatic works which have appeared in England, founded on favorito works of fiction. Dramas have been founded on the stories of the most popular novels of Scott; and what sort of success have they had. and what sort of things are they? has been the fate of the dramas of "Ivanhoe." "The Antiquary" "Guy Manner-ing." and "Rob Roy?" With the exception of the lowest class of Scotch audiences, who roar on the representation of Dandie Dimmont, Bailie Nicol Jarrie, or the like, it may be safely affirmed they have everywhere proved failures. The talent of an actress like Miss Cushman, may have kept Mey Mercilles alive, but, lef to themselves, they have everywhere sunk t the ground.

Mr. Jefferson has in the last season brought out Sheridan's immortal comedy of the " Rivals," with numerous "cute." Not but that a cut made with the good judgment of an artist like Mr. Jefferson may not be an advantage in the acting, for we find Sheridan himself thank ing Harris, the manager, who first brought the place out, for "cutting with so much judgment. criticism of this most lively comedy, which posseases all the magnetism of attraction which

learning for his art. He is a nicehinist, a dancer, can handle the paint brush a mirably at a pinch, and has an excellent musical taste, as his singled of his celebrated aria," Hope Told a Fintering Tale," authoratly testifies He once even played Figure in "Don Pasquala" with Mr. Harrison and Miss Pyne, and was pronounced by the latter charming songstress the best representative of the part she had ever seen. He is also an excellent judge of theatrical effect and a fair playweight in his way, remembering that play-making is an art like paint-Ing or must, with its peculiar technicalities; and these will not be taught by pure inspiration any more than the laws of counterpoint or the adequate conployment of pigments, a circum-Cance which seems to have escaped the observation of many worthy gentlemen who have entered their names on the roll of the United States Court as patentees of plays.

As a general rule, those who go on the stage young die young, Kean and Grimaldi, and that great artist, Jefferson's half-brother Charles Burke, died in what we might consider the zenith of their powers. He who forestalls youth in infancy and manhood in youth, reaps as great a buryest of fame as the comedian who appears at 20 and withdraws when he has left 60 behind him. The moral is that nature gives us so much of life, and that the end is proportioned to the beginning. Mr. Jefferson is an exception to the rule. Though over 50, he is still in full vigor and better health than twenty years ago. His performances, too, have acquired what they most needed, massiveness. Years which bring the philosophic mind bring with it greater subtlety of thought and finer postic appreciation.

While a different species of merit marks [the different epochs of an actress's life, men are less variable creatures. Their theatrical qualitles, as witness John Gilbert, are not much affected by age as long as vigor remains. Garriek we are told, was never greater in Ranger and Don Felir than in his last season, and he played

Lear in his closing years. Were Jesterson even now to pass away, he would leave behind him that which Rachel used with such beautiful sadness to say in "Adrionne" was all an artist could leave -a memory. And when those who are now young become old, and, around the winter fire of some future dramatic chop house, the players of the day are talked of In Asa Trenchard, or Cit'eb Plummer or Mazeopa, or Rip Van Winkle, old boys will shake their heads and say, with a reproving smile, "You ought to have seen Joe Jefferson in that part."

Mr. Jefferson has great sunvity of manner, and commands the respect and affection of all who know him. With the growth of time publie favor has grown, and he has troops of friends. Mr. Jefferson's amusements are all of the manif school. He is fond of rowing, shooting, and fishing. Most actors love to linger around their accustome I baunts when their engagements are over; and they may be seen in crowds sugning themselves idly on the dramatic rialto of Union Square. It is on that principle that the charm of leisure is enhanced by the view of its opposite that the working man is found on days of leisure haunting the scene of nis daily toils. Not so with Jefferson. The morning that follows his engagement's close finds him, in winter, off to his beautiful plantation in Louisians, or in spring time hanging with rod and reel over the trout pools of his pleasant New Jersey farm. He has been twice happily married. Two of his sons are actors.

## The Profession of Anthorship.

A clever and attractive piece of book making is exhibited under the title of Authors and Authorship, which seems to be the first number of a series descriptive of "The Literary Life" edited by Mr. William Shiphend, and published by the Putnams. In this initial volume some instructive facts and interesting opinions are collected with the aim of defining the chances, the rewards, the drawbacks, the trials, and the consolations of a literary vocation. On these topics the editor cites the experience and the judgment of such experts as Carlyle, Thackeray, and Wendell Holmes, as well as the recollections and suggestions of less distinguishad eraffemen like James Payn, Mathow Browns, F. B. Perkins, and an anonymous writer in Belgravia, whose remarks, by the way strike us as even more useful and portinent than those of more conspicuous workmen in their calling, what Mathew Browne has to say for instance, touching the difficulty of finding After playing in Dublin for some time Jofferson Ford and Runkle, then proprietors of theatres both in Baltimore, Washington, and Richmond.

Ford and Runkle, then proprietors of theatres both in Baltimore, Washington, and Richmond.

Jefferson's performance was marked by the On the one hand it is certain that Jean Paul William Blake, and many others have starved either for a long term of years or for a lifetime because the public would not listen to them. It was a long time before the essays of Carlylo were appreciated, and it was only after many years and repeated failures that Balzac could induce the Parisians to read his novels. Thackeray, too, had long been struggling to earn a very modest livelihood by literature, when unexpectedly "Vanity Fair proved a great success. On the other hand, Dickens never missed a chance of declaring in print, and out of it, that all the talk about literary cliques barring the way of the young aspirant was nonsense; that he never found any lions in the way, and that success in literature turned exclusively upon the exhibition of merit and perseverance. We concur with Mr. Browne in thinking that there are thousands of people to whom the words of Dickens must seem false and cruel. The truth is that success in literature-if we mean by it pecuniary rewarddepends not exclusively on merit and perseverance, but upon the same mixed conditions as does good fortune of all other kinds. Much depends upon what we call chance; no doubt the normal order of things is for merit to win the prize, and the normal order is actually verified in a number of cases to encourage any one who cares to try and make his own case illustrate it once again But the exceptions are far too numerous to justify the sweeping disregard with which Dickens chose to treat them. In journalism, especially, there is a fact which undoubtedly, as Mr. Browns points out, tells strongly against outside adventurers and new comers, viz., that every editor is surrounded by known and tried States we have such regulations. contributors, who know his tastes and aims, who are continually supplying him with matter for all the space at his command, and who, besides, may now and then wish to bring forward others. Friendly feeling weighs with editors as it does with other people, and so i ought. The stranger or outsider may send in a fairly good article, but unless it is decidedly botter than any furnished by the literary adherents of the journal or periodical, why should the editor give it the preference? He has probably long arrears of good articles from valued contributors, each of whom is more intimately conversant than any outsider can be with the being a blonde and rather fat. But her while seldom wanting in intelligence, is hardly specific policy which the newspaper or mageever vivacious, and strong traits of individual zine desires to carry out, or the character which

only by long practice that contributors are able | nevertheless, according to our author, still conto calculate or divine them. Mr. Browne goes so far as to affirm that very specialtaient, amounting to genius, is at first a | ways, her eyes never fade; to the last, through positive disqualification, especially with periodicals. What chance, he asks, would anything so new and strange as Richter's "Hea- ish race, Mr. Steele says, nevertheless, that he perus" or Carlylo's "Sartor Resartus" have with an ordinary magazine? He thinks that pany was sought by men far more fastidious | a piece of character painting it has never been | said of Homer, Jufferson has all the necessary | easily fatigued, and must be quickly produced, | section expects all males to talk to her with | scarce, even in Europe, and an early

it wishes to maintain. In fact, the considera-

tions which determine the contents of a journal

Touching the value of personal influence in advancing the beginner, and especially of introductions, Mr. Browne writes more sensibly than most of those who deal with the subject We are constantly told by men who are not inclined to help beginners, that in literature in troductions are of no use-merit averything. But why, asks Mr. Browne, should literature b unlike every other thing under heaven in this respect? He pronounces it more rant and fas tian to deny the value of introductions in literary business matters. Of course they will not procure success for bad work, but they will give a particular piece of ordinary good work the exceptional chance needed for the acquisition of a footing; and for business purposes that is everything. Mr. Browne quali fles his opinion by a lmitting that it applies more to journalism than to other kinds of literner work. But journalism covers the largest field of all, and the field in which, upon a superficial view, competitors are most nearly equal. Now, the hasty view which alone an overworked editor is able to take of the pretensions of a new comer is necessarily superficial, and therefore peculiarly likely to be affected by an introduction from a friend whose judgment he respects.

## Cuba as It Appears to an American

Under the title of Caban Sketches (Putnams), we are offered by Mr. James W. Sthelle the results of the observations made by him during some years' residence in Cuba, where he occupied the post of United States Consul. The author was in a position in which, by merely keeping his eyes open, he could not fail to see a good deal; and as he was manifestly a clear-headed and well-educated man, able to define and compare and classify, his report is clear and trustworthy, and his conclusions are sound. His discussions, for example, of the relations existing between the native whites and the Spaniards and his account of the principles controlling Spanish rule in Cuba are extremely interesting. It is not only the official ciass which is filled with Spanish emigrants. but almost every kind of trade and business except the sugar plantations, are monopolized by the same element of the population As an artisan or dealer or manager of a bank, railway, or warehouse, the Caban is a fatture, and he soldom tries anything of the kind. He cannot buy and sell; he has no talent for making shoes or

shaping coats, and the only mechanical fleid open to him seems to be dentistry. We are told by Mr. Steele that he who has not lived in Cuba can have no idea of the sensation of having the fact dawn upon him, and day by day become more plain, that a three-hundred-year-old system, with a military Governor-General, imported district Governors, and all their lieuten ants, Judges. Justices of the Peace, and even constables and policemen, all foreign, all Spaninrds, and all acting under odicts and docrees, not statutes, is to this day the government of an island not a hundred miles from the United States. Nor can he see that since the quelling of the recent revolution there has been any noticeable change. Mr. Steele's conviction is that all nominal concessions made by the Cortes will prove inoperative, and that the Spaniard will never relinquish the means by which he makes the island exist for the benefit of Spain. Courteous, and even polished, as he may seem to one who has no interest in his ideas of government and power, he appears to every Cuban as the representative of arrogance and injustice The form of government which Spain maintains in Cuba is described as being inquisitorial to an extent we should find it difficult to conceive. This is a feature of which travellers. and especially those provided with introductions to important personages, would naturally see but little. We are assured that every citizen lives under the incessant espionage of the police. If the law were enforced as it stands, no three persons would be allowed to converse together on the street, and this not to the end of dispersing idlers, but to prevent the discussion of politics and the browing of treason. Every man who desires to change his residence from one ward to another must obtain leave of the police, and if one determines to take a ourney on business or pleasure, he must carry a pass with him setting forth his name, age, secupation, social condition, and dwelling place, or run the risk of arrest as a suspicious character. A man's house is so far from being his enatle in Cuba that no war-rant of search is necessary. Even a man s family is only his own in a restricted sense, and the Governor may order the marriage whom her father does not want, if only the Church will sanction the union. All social entertainments, it appears, are looked after jealously, and a gentleman cannot give a ball at his residence without police permission and surveillance. The Government knows, or has scent. a right to know, the contents of telegraphic messages, and forbids the use of cipher to all except foreign officials communicating with their Governments. Persons are arrested and placed in juli for receiving contraband newspapers from the United States, and the opening of private letters is a right always existing, even if not often exercised. Mr. Stoele tella us that while he wrote there lay before him a newspaper in which was printed a decree that hereafter persons would not be alowed to carry their dead to the cemetery in the family carriage or any other coach, but must employ a hearse from an undertaker. Nor

fortuna in the way usually followed by lads of his station who found themselves in similar circumstances. He was apprenticed, not to a Whittingtone, Berkeleys, and Mansels, His merchant adventurer, and himself a younger son of that great house of Fitzwarrens who is such protection of special industries uncame to England with the Conqueror. There usual. No mercantile or other trading estabis no doubt that in the early years of his aplishment can be opened until the Police Deprenticeship Whittington must have often partment and the Governor, with certain other heard that famous carol of Bow Bells which. officials, have been first consulted, while, of according to the legend, so warmed his heart. course, individual competitors and rival houses though there is no reason to conceive of him as a poor boy sitting in sadwill try to influence them adversely. In short, there is nothing in all mundane affairs, or conness and dejection upon the slopes of Highgate nected with human interests, that the Government carried on by Spaniards in Cuba may not hope was in the air; and the young prentice's theoretically prevent, order, or modify. Mr. own master must have been a just and kind Steele once asked certain Spaniards why, Cuba man, otherwise Whittington would not afterbeing a billous country, the Government did ward have become his son-in-law. There was not issue a decree that the inhabitants should plenty of liberty for the prentises, and we must take a general depuratory once a month. They remember that before the listermation the year said solemnly they did not know, and seemed was strewn thick with holidays, and Sunday to wonder why indeed. As a joke the remark was not a day of gloom. Mr. Hesant pictures quite failed to have the effect intended, and the boy at one of these frequent festive seasons rather left the impression that in the United wandering to the crowded banks of the Thames In a chapter entitled "La Sefiorita." Mr. ping (which belonged to his master and his Steele opines that there is no land in the list of master's friends, the Morcers, and adventurers). elvilized countries that produces women so generally comely as the daughter of Cuba is, everywhere, among the Moriscoes of northwest As a rule she has a round figure, not large, but inclined to dumpling shape. Whatever else she may be, she is never what Americans call scrawny. Her hair is often a glory to her, and his contemporary. Chauser, had said of them: is sometimes of that blue-black shade only pos-Enew full well all the haves to stroy were, Francisch but letter a projet in serre, And every creek in Protecte and in Spain. sible with the daughters of southern Europe and their descendants, though occasionally the Cuban girl diverges from the normal type by

When we remember that the merchant ships f London at that day were owned almost exdusively by the Company of Moreers, it may be taken for granted that White new napont a good deal of his time in the river below the bridge. and it was thus pechans that he learned the rossible value of his cat. And here it may be interesting to show how Dr. Lysons proves that the nursery legend of the cat, which has been so often ridiculed or laboriously explained away, is not only possible, but probable. In the first place, we learn that the same story is related in a dezen different wars and by a dozon different ing of the beauty of the eye otherved in the Spanpoorle, and the very fact of the story being so widely spread indicates some foundation of reality. Thus there was one Alfonso, a Portutal force nor moral courage. On the whole, he the chances are a million to one that the editor. seems to have been much more impressed by guess, who, being wreshed on the exist of though able and good-natured, would reject it the physical than by the intellectual qualities of Guinea, and being presented by the First most as a Gol." In reading the accounts of Mr. Gurefolds acting the accounts of Mr. Gurefolds acting we have always thought his forter was comedy. The same evidence of which Mr. Winter make and the escentive parts of the public to Mr. J.Ch. and. To these who have not seen "Our Joe" in reading the an annually short time noticed with his other excellence on that he should have our noticed apparently such upper lattices of the same public to the town of the popularity of an established avoids. It was not provided upper early such upper lattices of the popularity of an established avoids. It was not provided upper early such upper lattices of the popularity of an established avoid in the same with a popularity of an established avoid in the popularity of an established avoid in the popularity of an established avoid in the life of the excellence of the popularity of an established avoid in the popularity of an established avoid in the popularity of an established avoid in the life of the excellence of the popularity of an established avoid in the life of the excellence of a popularity of an established avoid in the life of the excellence of a popularity of an established avoid in the life of an established avoid in the life of an established avoid in the life of the excellence of a popularity of an established avoid in the life of an establishe

character are rarely indicated. Moreover, she

fades early, and for want of strength of charac-

tinues to need such control as badly as any man

of his times. But however she may fail in other

all vicisalitudes, they are big and black. Speak-

has learned that it means nothing, neither men-

or periodical are extremely intricate, and it is ter is apt to lose control of her husband, who

great earnestness, and she looks upon a man who ventures on a joke or pun as an inslacere. If not a bad, person.

The Truth about Whittington and his Cat.

One of the most entertaining biographics published in the "New Plutarch" series is the Life of Sir Richard Whitington, Lord Mayor of London, by Walten BESANT and James Rice (Putnams). This little book not only offers an accurate and vivid picture of London life and enterprise in the fourteenth century, but points out how much of historical fact there is in the Wnittington legend, there being ground for belleving that even the story of the profit derived from the sale of a cut is founded on an netual incident. Although the parrative is conspicuous for fluency and simplicity, the thoughtful reader will recognize that the work must have cotailed upon the authors a great deal of historical and archmological research Among the chapters of the book which are partiquiarly replete with the results of patient study may be mentioned one treating of the charters successively granted to London, and another setting forth the origin, growth and relative importance of the London trailing companies. So far, however, as the book is concerned with the personal fortunes of Richard Whittington, the authors acknowledge a large indettedness to the antiquarian labors and discoveries of the late Rev. Samuel Lysons. It was he who first established the antiquity and probable authenticity of the cat story, who rescued Whittington from the realm of legend, gave him a respectable genealogy, a birthplace, and a family history, and who first demonstrated the various claims upon the gratitude of London established by the real facts of the man's life. The ordinary ideas about Whittington's origin

are groundless. He was not an outcast, nor was

his first employment in the bouse of a London merchant that of a scullion. He was of gentle birth, his father being a knight and county squire, while his mother belonged to the family of Mansel, a Devoushire house of the same rank, and had married for ner first husband Sir Thomas de Berkeley. But he was a youngerson and in those days it was far more difficult than it is now for younger sons to get settled in the world. A good many, doubtless, remained as stewards, or bailiffs, or in some other dependent position, on the family estate. Some would go into the Church, but in the fourteenth century respect for occlesiastics was small in England. and in proportion as the sons of peasants thronged into the clerical profession, the better classes kept aloof. Suppose, however, that a well-born had had no relish for the bread doled out by his elder brother, or for a great ford's service, and no wish to vie with every cobbler's son in the convent school, he might, it is true, become a student of one of the Inns of Court. Here he would find none but such as, like himself, were of good family with many who studied law as the education most suited for the life of a country gentleman. But other professions there were none. The barbers were surgeons and let blood; there were no engineers, architechts, bankers, nor writers; there was no army in which to hold a commission; there was no standing navy; there was no civil service, unless a post in the royal household might receive that designation. Outside of the Church, the law, and livery service in a great lord's family, there was only one way possible by which a lad could earn his livelihood, and that was by practising some honorable trade or mystery in a great city. Mr. Besant has done well to dwell on these facts, because the prejudice against trade exhibited by English society in modern times, and the species of social estracism to which tradesmen are subjected, might, at first | reduced to ashes. His house, after standing sight, be supposed to have obtained under a still more aggravated form in the fourteenth century. The truth is that the prejudice scarcely existed at all. It must not be imagined that the prentices of the city of London at that eroch were of mean and humble origin. The sons of freemen of the city, or boys of good and honorable county families, were alone admitted to the seven years of apprenticeship. The ommon people-the poor rustles who were bound to the coll and could not leave their native fields-had no part or share in the fortunes of the city of London. Many of the burgesses were proud of their descent, as well as of their liberties, and if they were as Froissart calls them, a presumptance for it was because, in many cases, they were actual cousins by blood of the knights and lords who themselves were so ignious of their freedom. So that, when we read of noble families descended from city worthles (Mr. Besant enumerates some twenty, including the Dukes of Newcastle and Leads), it is well to remember that most probably their very founders were themselves of gentle de-

Richard Whittington, then, was the youngest son of an honorable, but impoverished house. who, at the age of 13, and somewhere about the year 1371, was sent up to London to seek his mental occupation, or to a handleraft, or to a meanly-born tradesman, but to a man of good old west country stock, well known to all the master was Sir John Fitzwarren, a mercer and Hill. On the contrary, London life was joyous; below the bridge, rowing about among the shipand talking to the old sallers who had been Africa, and even to Constantinople, though the tents of the Turks were thick already on the western shores of the Hellespool, and whe, as

cles. He also left money for a third library at Guildhall, whose books appear to have been carried away by the Duke of Somerset in the reign of Edward VI. Nor should we omit to notice that he provided drinking fountains, a been of the highest value to the people. And, instly, he instructed his executors to rebuild and enlarge Newgate prison; which had grown ruinous, and was foul and fever stricken. Mr. Besant makes it clear that Richard White tington was not only a real personage, but a great benefactor whom the city of London ought to have kept in honorable remembrance, In point of fact, however, his college, which should have been converted into a great high school for the city, was long since swept away;

traveller in South Guinea says that Europeas

cats were greatly prized by the blocks for

clearing the houses of rats and mice. If being

admitted, therefore, that in the seaport towns

on the west coast of Morocco the value of a tame

eat and a good mouser may have been

great, it is not difficult to believe that

Whitington really made his first stretoward success by the lucky sale of a cat could tell to a

friendly sailor. It is certain that the at or may

be traced back to the very life of Whitington,

and it seems to have been believed by

his executors, who rebuilt Nowaste in

accordance with his instructions immedi-

ately after his death. By lucky ventures of some kind, Whittington must have not on

very rapidly, for at the age of 21 we find bim in

trade on his own account and mentioned in the

city records as contributing to a city loop. Ten

years later his name figures in the Common

Council, and the amount of his messment

shows that he had risen to the level of the rich-

est citizens. At the age of 35 he was chosen an

Alderman, and in the same year he was elected

heriff. Four years later he was chosen

Mayor, and it is noteworthy that his election was conducted with so much

lamor that an important change was

then made in the mode of election. No one

henceforth was to be present at an election save

the Mayor, Sheriffs, and Aldermen. In the year

1406 Whittington was made Mayor for the sec-

in the interim been returned a member of Par-

liament for the city. As regards the hospitalities

and pageants in which Whittington took part

during those years, they were many and mag-

niticent. It was during his last Mayorally that

Whittington entertained Henry of Agincourt and

his young French bride, Queen Catherine. The

fires on this occasion were fed with perfamed

wood, and when Queen Catherine alluded to the

costly character of the fuel the Mayor proposed

to feed the flames with something still more

King's own bonds to the amount of sixty thou-

sand pounds sterling, a sum equivalent in pur-

chasing value to five million dollars of our

Most of Whittington's gifts to the city of Lon-

don were made by the provisions of his will,

He left nothing of importance to members of

his own family, considering, perhaps, that their

estates were enough for them, and devoted the

whole of his property to the great works which

he had already commenced or had in mind. He

had already begun the great library which he

gave to Grey Friars; he had rebuilt St. Michael's

Church, and given largely to the bridge and

chapel of Rochester, as well as to the re-

pair of Gioucester Cathedral; he had out up an

almshouse, and had laid the foundations of

his college. Another work of his was the res-

toration and repairing of St. Bartholomew

Hospital, where a second library was formed

by his bequest. Again, Guildhall, which

he had helped to build by his contri-

butions, was neither paved nor glazed, and he

directed his executors to supply the deficien-

money.

valuable. Thereupon he threw into the fire the

and time, and in 1419 for the third time, having

his church is burned, and his splendid tomb is for four hundred years, is pulled down; his almshouses have been removed from the city. and the library which he founded at Guildhall has disappeared. The great hall, however, which he built for the monastery of the Grey Felars is now part of Christ's Hospital, and hitbecome the hall of London's most famous school, while St, Bartholomew's Hospital, which Whittington restored, is still a place of healing and a school of medicine. That it is so is due to Whittington, yet the city of London overlooks him, and when she puts up statues to her worthles she forgets one of the worthlest.

## Mrs. Jane Grey Swisshelm's Last Last Last.

I have protested so long and with so little esult against false standards of taste, writes Mrs. Swisshelm, that it occurred to me years age, to try to do something toward furnishing a true one; so, last spring, when I learned that my only child would want a wedding dress, the my only child would want a wedding dress, the time had come. I went back to Swissville alone, and took rooms with our tenant, a terman farmer, knowing that there I could live with nature, free from suggestions or ditactions of mailormed tastes; and there I evolved that wedding dress amid the glant troes I had planted and the luisby of waters to whose music I had sleet every night for years. I worked the dress skirt in two separate pieces in a quiffing frame, coining them and uniting the design aftertaking it out. It is of cream-white silk on a lining of Lawnsdale muslin with wool wadding, and combines the effects of quilting and embrodery. I had no satiled design or pattern when I began, but gradually thought out and put in such thing as occurred to me.

Around the bottom are five water biles on their pads or green leaves, covers a breadth of silk of about twelve inches. This part of the design I took from a "picture on memory" wail," hung there in '51, during a visit to fault strations of "Spring" a picture, about three inches quare, of a stake of swamp mai wand one of "Pussy cut willow." I had never seen either growing, but a friend had told me of their size and annearance. Above the hilles, and as if growing up from behind them. I made stake of these appropriate plants, running them quite up to the waist representing the mallows by thorn work, the willow heads by satus stitch, the stakes by thorns. I minde a row of their lines up to the oron, graduating in size; then filled up with tent-lily leaves. grasses oak then filled up with tent-lily leaves. time had come. I went back to Swisaville alone,

entin stitch, the stalks by thorns. I made of theer likes up the front, graduating in then filled up with tent-lify leaves, grasses leaves, accorns, roses, asters, tulips, mo giories, and other beautiful things gradual me. I would go out, select sometry it in a good light, and proceed to tall portrait with needle and thread, sorry to broken my model from its stem, and what might replace it for I do not use out flow prefer they should die at home. The cml dry can be done in any color, or in many east, and the donne adminst and deed psought and hand power. In this initial dress work is all in the same shade of the mate and mostly done with. Cutter's known is coing silk, and on a dress to be worthines it will not pay. The great different will not pay. The great different with most process of the master of the most process of the most process. I was my design of one chank child in and gives a coffee and to the wors, I araw my design of the area of the area of the same surfaces work. I we cleven ounds spools of the heavy rise of sewing silk, with which I made in low and that the first particle work. I worked in high the same far to a woman hose in the design of white engaged in this kind of work. I writed in high the first particle with the problem of rame of Judicism and the problem of rame of Judicism and Christianity hanging old dogmate. Sail of This has its nest of orthodoxy to send out he greatly confident to the problem of the